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E N D O R

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C * O * N * T * E * S * T

The editors of Endor announce a poetry contest for the Fall, 1962, issue and invite contributions from Lehigh undergraduates, graduates, faculty, and staff. The form is to be the haiku; the subject, Summer.

The haiku, a traditional, classic Japanese poem with very special characteristics, is considered by some critics to be "the concentrated essence of pure poetry." Even more than other forms of poetry, it depends for its effect on the power of suggestion: dealing with intense moments, the haiku (because of its brevity) draws only outlines, suggests moods, avoids the explicit subjective tag, relies upon sense impressions. A really effective haiku must be completed by the reader. For all of its extreme brevity, the haiku must contain two elements: the general condition (the breathlessness of a summer noon, the coming of a thunderstorm, the richness of a tree in full bloom) and the momentary perception.

A few examples:

Cherry-blossoms, more
And more now--Birds have two legs!
Oh, horses have four!!

Falling of the night
On the sea; the wild duck's voice
Shadowy, and white...

Clouds pass overhead;
They darken me. O to sing
Before being drenched!

We will need some ground-rules:

(1) Each haiku to contain 17 syllables, divided into three lines of 5, 7, and 5 syllables respectively.

(2) Some word or expression to indicate the time of year ("Summer" in this case, though the word summer should not appear.)

(3) No title necessary.

(4) No rime-scheme necessary.

(5) Emotion must be expressed and evoked; a haiku is not an epigram or a "dribble of prose".

(6) No preaching allowed.

You may submit as many haiku as you wish. Mail your entries to Endor, P.O. Box 54, University Center. Professors Greene, Dilworth, and Frakes of the English Department will act as judges; book prizes will be awarded to the writers of the three best haiku.

ABSOLUTE DEADLINE: OCTOBER 15, 1962

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ENDOR

(1 Samuel 28: 3-25)

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A Translation

With a welcome change the West Winds and Winter have properly loosened their grip on the earth and the blocks and tackles drag the keels into the water, and no longer are the cattle content in their stalls nor do the ploughmen enjoy sitting by the fire, nor are the meadows white with glistening snow.

Now Cytherean Venus, while the moon hangs overhead, leads her chorus, and her beautiful attendants, hand in hand, make the earth tremble with their light dancing, while Vulcan, glowing brightly, revisits the workshop of the mighty Cyclops.

It is now the season to garland one's glistening head with the blooming myrtle or blossoms which men might preserve after they have been freed from the grasp of mother earth. It is now fitting to make sacrifices to Faunus in the shady groves, whether he demands a lamb or prefers a goat.

Pale death knocks impartially at the cottages of the poor, as well as the palaces of the wealthy. Be happy, Sestius, the brevity of life's span forbids you to enter into far-reaching hopes. Soon Death's dark night and the phantom shades and the cheerless home of Pluto will weigh you down.

from Horace

Solvitur acris hiems grata vice veris et
 Favoni, trahuntque siccas machinae
 carinas, ac neque iam stabulis gaudet
 pecus aut arator igni, nec prata canis
 albicant pruinis.

Iam Cytherea choros ducit Venus imminente
 luna, iunctaeque Nymphis Gratiae
 decentes alterno terram quatiunt pede,
 dum gravis Cyclopum Vulcanus ardens
 visit officinas.

Nunc decet aut viridi nitidum caput
 impedire myrto aut flore, terrae quem
 ferunt solutae; nunc et in umbrosis Fauno
 decet immolare lucis, seu poscat agna
 sive malit haedo.

Pallida Morsaequo pulsat pede pauperum
 tabernas regumque turris. O beate
 Sesti, vitae summa brevis spem nos vetat
 incohare longam. Iam te premet nox
 fabulaeque Manes et domus exilis Plutonia.

Quintus Horatius Flaccus
 Book I, Ode IV
 "Spring's Lesson"-23 B.C.

CUMMINGS

Young's Vision

It's hot. The road is damp with bent
 light. So much is past. This noon it
 was grain, an unending chain of golden
 waves.....grain and perspiring men. And
 this morning it was corn. Now undulating;
 then rolling. Up and down.....yet always
 more corn, more grain, endlessly——
 Yesterday and before that too; it was
 poisoned land, places spoiled by the in-
 cessant trampling flocks! The thought of
 our malign prison sickens me....regrets
 of stagnation and waste flood my mind.....
 Now we have leapt from it and sailed into
 the clean air——air of the sun's
 daily goal. Enough! Now it is hay. Soil
 too poor and air too dry for grain.....
 corn——grain——hay——we
 have climbed far.....What thoughts do
 we stir in the minds of those tending hay
 who observe us. A white, metal mass hurd-
 ling the land; closely followed by another
 larger speeding object. The second is a
 lamprey, deriving its energy from the first.
 These loping cougars consume space upon
 an endless Way. Every crest reveals more
 of this long, flat stone. This is the
 flock's gift. Without it small men, not
 fleet rams, would scale the ridge.....
 Here we are——flying——approach-
 ing the goal——the promise so old
 the details have faded from our memory.
 But we have a faith: This road ends in
 peace. Ahead is the state in which per-
 fection is easiest, work means progress,
 and mind and heart are freest.....And
 now we top a higher rise. The horizon is

outlined in gray crayon. And down again.
 Was that the omen of a squall? Up——
 yes—— gray—— how far? Twenty....
 thirty....no, it is beyond my reckoning.
 Our white clipper and its parasite fly and
 fly. Some time later we are sure! The white
 tops! The jagged edge! We gaze in awe upon
 the Rockies! The promise is fulfilled! Our
 faith was true. The nirvana was not a dream.
 By this evening we will have returned.....

YUSZCZUK

The flood of love is the unkept weeping of
 the skies,
 the silent griefs that slip between
 my fingers as a sleepy rain,
 murmurings that tread each nerve as
 cleated shoes upon my breast,
 and from the crest of time, a tear---
 incongruous as tinsel from a frosted bell,
 that speaks to me in common ways,
 then dies from my eternal gaze.

Audition

Glass constructions glow,
fanned by shrieks of heat.
Logs crumble in their own weight
and a crying child falls
beside a monument.

Globes of brass
clogged with molten gearing
roll away, and are lost
in the struggling dark.

When the limbs cracked
and were skinned of their bark
did you hear the sound
wrapped in smoke?

Below us now
gray eyesockets spilling gravel
consider our entropic lives
and smile.

ELKUS

LONDON, DECEMBER 1961

Green grew the bomb sites;

Then steel, concrete, and glass rose, its
antiseptic acumen
Somehow suggestive of static bewilderment.

Green were the slopes

When, on Parliament Hill rose clay-gray
brick of middle-class mansions,
Rows and rows, along the heath,
optimistically abundant.

Where hast thou lain, O double standard!
O wasted land,
Victorian opulence set staff beneath its
stairs --
Distinguished, too, the help from the
helpless.

Impersonal edifice! Aping geometric shape
you stand,
Concrete, intact, you are for those within
Who, like you, glass-like, weather well
(or really weather not at all)
Though mortal gas light from outside
reflects derisively on your wall.

The radio warnings had been going on all afternoon. She had ignored them. After all, there had been rains and hurricanes before, and they never hit this part of New England very hard. This trip was just too important. She couldn't wait until Monday.

It had been raining in Hartford most of the day. There had been the usual rush on Farmington Avenue, but the traffic had thinned out quickly after she passed the new shopping center. It wasn't the traffic that had made her so late, it was this rain. She'd been in heavy rain before but nothing like this. There weren't any drops for the wipers to channel into rivulets, only pre-formed streams for them to push aside. The hot, muggy atmosphere, the fogged windshield, and the slap slap slap of the wipers wove a blanket which brought the sweat to her forehead and the palms of her hands.

The sign told her that in the last two hours she had only come 35 miles out of Hartford and she still had another 40 to go to Millerton and the end. She passed through Torrington and headed for Winsted. This driving in and out every weekend had to stop. He said that they had to wait 'til June, when he would get his degree, but she didn't see why December wouldn't be just as good. He could finish up and she could get a job. He didn't want her to work, but it would only be for a little while. She had told him that this being apart was something she just couldn't stand any longer.

"WINSTED-TWO MILES" the sign told her. She was almost there. It seemed that once she was over the bridge, she was home. The last 25 miles really didn't matter.

The last few miles had been the hardest

yet. The car had slid a little coming over Avon Mountain. She had never seen such rain. She checked the gas gauge and the temperature. It seemed so hot in the car, maybe the engine was over-heating. She'd have to stop and get gas pretty soon and then they could check the water.

Up over the hill and down and there was Winsted below her. It was reassuring to see that there were some other people out. It had been so long since anyone had passed her. They were probably only going for cigarettes or beer or that extra loaf of bread, but still they were on the road, and it gave her courage.

The car began to sputter a little. She saw the lights of a gas station on the other side of the bridge. The little gas she had left and the moisture on the engine were enough to do it, however, and she stalled right in the middle of the bridge. She guessed there was nothing for her to do but get out and walk to them since they wouldn't be too likely to come to her, and besides the change would probably do her some good, even if she would get soaked in the bargain. She turned the lights and key off. There was no real danger in leaving the car that way. The few cars that were out were all on the roads behind her in the town. Besides, the road was clear and any cars coming toward her would see the car.

She reached for the umbrella in the back seat. It had fallen to the floor, and she leaned over the seat to pick it up. Suddenly there was a ripping sound and it felt as if the car had become an elevator. She was more puzzled than frightened until the car hit the water. She hadn't realized the river had risen so high.

The water dashed the car from side to side and she snapped back and forth as the car hit logs and trees the river had

collected. She began to scream and kept on screaming until she hit the dashboard.

It was quiet now. Even the lapping of the water had ceased when she came to. She couldn't see out because the windows were all covered with mud. She wondered where she was and how long she had been there. The doors wouldn't open and the windows wouldn't go down. They were probably jammed in all the buffeting the car had suffered. She tried to think rationally, knowing that above all, she must not panic. She thought of how the weekend would be. She hoped that he wouldn't worry about her, although she knew he would. If only there were some way she could let him know.

Suddenly she heard noises above her. It sounded as if someone were shoveling. She couldn't be, but she must be. She and the car had been buried in the mud by the rushing water. Suppose no one had known she was there. She might have been buried for ages. Someone must have seen the car stopped on the bridge and have seen it as it fell in the river. She thanked God that they had found her in time. The thought of being suffocated to death in a car beneath a river full of mud, was almost more than she could bear.

They were getting closer now. She could hear them talking and shouting to one another. Can't they work any faster. She might die before they could get to her. There was a thump as a tool hit the roof. The shouting was louder now, but she still couldn't make out what they were saying. A pick smashed through the windshield and along with the rush of fresh, if dusty, air, she heard

Ну, иди сюда, Иван, смотри что я
нашёл!



Man Looks Back

I could have done great things
and this I knew
but as I sat and savored my divine
and limitless potential
quarreling with my brothers
time slipped by
and left me only this:

I could have done great things

I grow too swiftly old
the world of dreams
awaits my eager footstep
on its sward
where I have sought to tread
and in the streams
of time yeasty in ferment
the eternal chemist at his bench
prepares a new experiment
and yet.....
I could have done great things.

ARIADNE

There on the island everything so still
All the long sunny afternoon
Too warm and magic even for the shrill
And swooping gulls. The tiny lizards crept
On comfortable rocks and soon
Half-covered their diamond eyen.

There was a meadow somewhere near with
And locust-drone further among the ^{honey-bees,} trees--

There was thick wood there then, all
Needle underfoot, where no one ever stepped. ^{soundless pine}

The queen of all this summer lay below,
Couched in the tough gray curling moss,
Sleepy with sun, naked and ivory-rose,
Too lovely to be hurt by salt and air.
She was a slender girl, and not too tall,
Thigh, hip, and waist, the curious flow
Meant more than all
Our wit has yet explained. Her aimless hair

Dark red, but fine, and the daisies there
 No redder than the rosebuds in her breast.
 She had the true violet eyes that sometimes
 To the plumed sea where the black sails had ^{turned}
 It was so long ago -- into the west. ^{gone --}
 Now all the sighing had been done,
 The brackish tears, as perfect memory,
 Her seldom. It was enough to know ^{concerned}
 Careless by night and radiant by day,
 Sleep by herself and watch the shadows play
 Leaf-pattern on her arms. There was no hunger,
 But in the poor, severely ^{queerly,}
 Famine-twisted heart for the first day or so.

And how should she be thinking
 Of the strange, vinous people slumbering
 Back of the hills in a dampish cave, ^{soundly}
 Who should awaken in the sinking
 Sun, with musty goat hoofs, or profoundly
 Exquisite leopard flanks, the fine brave
 Head of the young god, and in the night
 The crazy torches wave
 Rings of hot and giddy light,

Set their ivy crowns afire
All the echoed cliffs evoking,
Purple-splotch their fine attire
Till the thirsty ground is soaking.

She knows nothing of this; just lies by
the shore
Knowing her only happiness, so few days.

Vitae in medio delicately suspended
Between the old love and the new.

Oh priceless static moments, time being
ended --
Nothing happens in Paradise, the lovely
place --
She has had room to know them through and
through,
Perceiving comprehensively through added
grace
The tiniest implication
Of her lonely situation.

Later when she heard the rout among the
Held herself briefly like a caught breath rocks,
Absently ruffling out her tangled locks, tense,
And found herself nonce mistress of events
Until, her little term of lordship done,
She burst the crystal shell, constant in
Raising herself up into view, and shone mood;
Like Aphrodite to the startled brood.

ROYER

we stood alone on a snow-covered shore,
and the sea-breeze was tainted
with the fragrance of a rose.

the call of a sea-gull
circling above us
told a song of tired sadness:

such is my portion -
 never to light on land or sea
 never another to fly with me.
 never to rest
 but search for night
 and my last breath.

in all the world my wings have spanned
there are none such as you -
 none who hold such happiness
 by the hand -

treasure each other
always.

we held the song within us
deep and glowing.

distance faded him away,
and our earth-bound eyes
marked his flight...

farther
 than the last flickering of sunset
 softer
 than the last whisper of the dying
 swifter departing
 than the final moment
 of the last unholy day.

KALISH

Walk Tough

"Did I ever show you how to walk tough?"

"What'd ya mean"? I looked over at him sitting there on his desk.

"You know---walk like a tough guy--walk tough, like a gang member." A little sardonic smile crossed his face for a moment. The smile lingered for a fraction of a moment, then vanished as quickly as it had appeared---leaving his face almost expressionless.

He was thinking now, I could tell. His eyes were fixed on something---or nothing. His mouth pursed up, ready as it were to express the next valuable product of his thought.

His eyebrows suddenly lifted. His eyes broke off their contact with that something and met mine for an instant. For only an instant though, then they returned to their communion with that piece of space.

Assured of my presence and hopeful of my attention and interest, he spoke: "When I was a kid--well, it wasn't very long ago, just a couple years--I knew lots of tough guys. Not really bad guys, but tough. They could handle themselves. You know what kind of guy I mean, don't you?" His eyes met mine again for another instant.

"At least I featured myself as one of them. As a member of the type, so to speak." Now he looked right at me; I think just to convince himself that I understood so far. Then his look changed; his eyes scanned my face, ready to catch my first reaction to what he was about to say.

"It seems most tough guys have sort

of a warped outlook on life. Warped-- well, maybe that's not the best word, but it's the best I can do right now. Know what I mean?"

"Yea, I know, but you can't say what's warped and what's not. Maybe we're warped --our outlook, I mean. It's like saying black is white and white's black. It depends on how you feel at the time."

"I suppose you're right." He wasn't entirely satisfied with my reaction.

His eyes began searching for that something again, but couldn't seem to find it. His eyes stopped searching and met mine squarely. He opened his mouth as if to speak, but nothing came forth. Momentarily bewildered, he sat there, looking at me, his mind working to piece together a thousand scattered thoughts. Bewilderment began to fade, and a faint smile appeared.

"Anyway, you want to see how to walk?"

"Alright, let's see," I said.

He got up from the desk he'd been sitting on and walked to the other side of the room.

"First, you don't put your feet out straight, one in front of the other, like in regular walking. You step out to the side a little on each step. You sort of pivot on every step. It gives you that distinctive swagger. Watch!"....and he gave a four-or-five step demonstration.

I watched. It did look good--tough rather. I tried a few steps myself, and he corrected me.

"You've got to look down at the ground. That's important. Keep your head down a little. You can look up once in a while, but look down at the ground most of the time. Drag your foot and scuff the ground. It shows your complete disdain for the rest of the world.

"Now keep your arms out away from

your body. Out here, like this." He walked a few more steps, this time swinging his arms out like he was slightly muscle bound - which he certainly wasn't. It did, however, add something to the swagger.

"See! It makes you look like you can't bring your arms in 'cause you've got so much muscle under here." He lifted up one arm and pointed under it to the general area where some people have big muscles. Weight-lifters, wrestlers, swimmers have big muscles there. In fact I used to myself--I used to lift weights.

Now he gave a full demonstration--walking, arms out, head down, scuffing the floor--complete to the last detail.

He returned to the desk with a look of smug satisfaction. His satisfaction seemed very complete--pervading his whole being. He was completely relaxed as he sat back down. His arms hung at his sides, and his legs dangled uselessly over the side of the desk. He stared out the window for a minute, then up at the light for just a moment. In an instant his eyes were conducting that sweeping search for something.

A second later they must have found it. For his whole body seemed to lose its limp satisfied state--it tightened. Satisfaction also left his face, over which concern now spread.

His eyes had stopped their search, but his mind had just begun its own. He stared for what seemed a long time--but probably wasn't more than thirty seconds. Motionless except for a twitch of his prominent Adam's apple, he sat--probing with his eyes, his mind searching--rearranging--organizing.

"You know, much depends on how you act. On how you walk, for instance." He

was completely absorbed in his thought. A mental fixation, one could say. "Take this type of walk. Most everyone I know who acts like--or even thinks-he's tough, walks this way. Perhaps they wouldn't even be tough if they walked regular. There's almost a science to it--like everything else, I guess.

He tilted his head a little to one side, maybe to get a better look at what-ever had recaptured his gaze and refocused his thought. "Maybe I shouldn't have hung around with those guys as much as I did. The more I think about it, the more I believe it was a big mistake."

"What's a mistake?" I asked.

He looked up - blinked

"Hey John, - you know you got a hole in your sock?"

E. SCHWARTZ

We Alone Escaped To The Rim Of The Continent

Unter Spitzbergen's blauem Himmel,

Liegt ein Pferd

Betrunken mit Kümmel.*

(*Kümmel-a caraway flavored grain
or potato alcohol)

ROYER

in its silent passage
time is a thief, stealing from the circle
of an eternal pie
tiny wedges;
through an unhurried infinity
the pie grows smaller, until
the last, thin slice
sweeps itself into nothingness.

from afar
faintly we call out, can you still see us;
are we now too far away,
or have you already turned your eyes
from the path of our departure?



KALISH

M A D N E S S

In one's mind remains the glow,
Lingering.....

Of the depressed pits below;
Below where the thought is foul,
Brooding.....

Where the spirit stoops to cower
In favor of one's mortality;
Necessary!

SULLIVAN

For Tadzio

In evening bars, I plead the emptiness
 for polluted alleys in death-laid Venice
 and for a glimpse of that damning, luring smile
 to draw me through the fearful system.
 I can no longer conjure and contrive the mask
 to reach decision, to surrender the honesty
 of now,
 to turn my slowly rounding back
 on the erotic dream of youth.

Must I, with Aschenbach, follow Phoebus
 into the all-promising surf
 only in delusion, only in death?

Libera me Tadzio,
 from fear,
 from sanity,
 from fear.

This child, this youth, this priest
 of my gradual and eventual corruption
 must assume the lead out of identity
 I am too much the coward to assume, and
 into the being that is rouge and abandon.

SULLIVAN

In Attempting to Reject Tadzio

I will shave my head and bleach my face!
My every moment I will fill with words
and ideas and innuendos and contradictions
and all the pikes and rapiers of the intellect
defined and unadmitting of this present pain.
I dare him to be beautiful in front of me!
He will simply be an untenable position,
a strangeness of dark youth
I will have rebutted and since disproved.

The abandon to lithe limbs ever eludes me.
My eyes deceive and my ears mislead and
the players laugh at me upon their flutes.
And Mozart laughs and Goethe and Pablo;
but I still must wait for the gallows
to admit me to my own laughter.

Hence, the bleach -- upon my face, upon my mind
to cleanse away the over-ripe and dark,
to prepare for the new narcotic identity.
And in this self-betrayal of necessity
I will forget the shape of his eyes
and put him in perspective.
I will know the sin called life only by its name,
the color only by its number.

TOPEROFF

Remembrance Of Things Future

How could he look so trampled-on after only sixty-two years? (Please don't tread on me!) The juice that was keeping him alive, that was electronically pumping his heart, came out of a socket near the floor. A socket! I've seen them all my life, and for him it was life itself. At each pulsing beat of the machine he writhed in a disgusting death dance-the death dance of the prostrate-the death and not the life, dance of the prostrate. He died within a few hours. (You'd better not tread on me!)

TH ONLY PERMANENCE IS CHANGE. Oh, those Greeks, those Golden Greeks. Golden only because they are so damned hard to come by. They're right; he is dead, the world is changed. What's more, everyone knew he must die-eventually. His death could be counted upon. It was permanence. But I thought he would live forever; and I think I am going to live forever.

He was between 5'6" and 5'7" and weighed about 150 pounds. I don't even remember what color eyes he had. He was bald, but not shiny. He had stray hairs on the top. Because he wasn't shiny, he somehow avoided the stigma of baldness altogether. He had diabetes, too.

"Don't you see, the people own the means of production over there. They own the factories. They own the raw material. Whoever gave these bastards the iron and steel and coal? Are they using it for all the people?" His manifesto was middling loud, but often quite long, just before and just after Sunday dinner. Sunday was, as he always referred to it, "my day of rest". During

the two decades I knew him, he never worked less than sixty hours a week. I never loved him then.

At certain very rare times his eyes sparkled-I mean really twinkled. They must have been dark, probably brown. He was a teetotaler. He had a shot on V-E day and a glass of wine at my sister's wedding. Once he beat the hell out of a cab driver, who was much larger and younger, and I was sure he could beat the hell out of me.

"Is Private Piachek in here," drawled the southern corporal. All corporals were southerners, hence the preponderance of southern sergeants. I was sitting in the recreation room watching the Friday night fights on T.V. My pass had been pulled again that weekend. Just as well. Where the hell could you go in Augusta anyway?

"Is Private Piachek in here?" I avoided answering. I was sure identification meant either K.P. tomorrow morning, or some other crushing burden. Waxing the barracks floor was not an impossibility.

His eyes had finally gotten use to the dark. There were no recriminations, he merely told me that there was a long distance phone call for me.

"Dad is in the hospital." It was my mother. "He had an attack in the street." On 43rd. Street. He was lifting a soda case.

"He came all the way home." The I.R.T. and then a bus. He had refused to go to a hospital. He collapsed just before the ambulance left. My mother ran out and stopped them.

"He had a heart attack. Can you come home?" My mother was calmer than she deserved to be. Hysterics were part of her normal condition. Her calmness should have been an omen, but it wasn't. I went back to see the end of the fight. I didn't love him then.

In America, Seaboard Airline is a railroad. I caught an almost midnight train out of Columbia, S.C. As we pulled out of the

downtown station, I saw Strom Thurmond's campaign headquarters. "There's not a damn bit of difference between a Republican and a Democrat," the Sunday manifesto often remarked.

The next morning, as we were pulling out of Baltimore, I shrieked-the inner voice I use when I read alone shrieked-"What if he's dead?"

There were doctors. What are his chances, doctor? What are his chances now, doctor? What were his chances all along? The emergency case, I mean. And then the dance with death. And then just death. There was a smiling recognition-a farewell. Then came love.....and respect.....and energy.....and direction....

MAN STRICKEN IN MIDTOWN

He had graduated from the N.Y. School of Pharmacy. A college man stricken lifting a soda case. The pause that refreshes.

G. SCHWARTZ

A Prologue

Returning to the sweet-browed mate of my
experience,
Dancelike, watchful of repeated patterns
twisting away
By round-voiced illusion backwards to the
broken core

Of my unblighted vision,
Old ripples in the tears I make
Of my mind's one blind eye
And terror gestures to pantomime the dead
years
In mimic of the skies of my self-absolved
world,
Tumbling through sun-bouquets by stealth
Into the wakefulness of now

Where she stands,
Huntress of many and other mysteries,
Wonder and wide-eyed
In gown of young sienna
Draped lovingly over her sleep-refreshed
shoulders,
Blamelessly unknowing of myself
And lazily fluttering with desire never
gone before
To the presence of a foreign day

Who by prophecy anciently carved
Deep and surely on his soul's ribs
Does not surprise me
With the sudden gesture of his seizure,
Pressing my cheek against his skin's
deliberate iron
And singing the disgrace of his challenge
High up even to the cracks in the sky
That thrust me unproudly like unnatural
traditions

Where unresounding
 The clamor of a shudder
 Falls and enmeshes with tight-lipped threads
 Myself held apart,
 Watchful of once-acted patterns
 In their mad dance
 Where footfalls decline
 Through the mercilessness of seeing
 Familiarities believed never to have been
 And alone except for a task
 I look on
 To make remembrance of a new love affair.

KALISH

Ode to a Streetlight

Light-
 Bright light above me shining;
 From ever 'till now
 From now 'till never,
 Will you always shine so?

Light-
 Shimmering above me in hazy glow,
 You illuminate my path
 Yet I stumble;
 Will I always stumble so?

Keep shining light-
 How the hell else would I find my door?

Ha! he cried

Yes!

And these are more platitudes than the rain.

Together then we listened

For a song in the flapping of the duck's wings

And so we parted,

Each unwelcome in the other's footsteps.

E. SCHWARTZ

When At Last, All Is Lost

"Noch ein' Kilometer forwärts!"

Schreit der Ritter.*

Aber das Pferd** steht,

Und geht nicht weiter.

(*Ritter-cavalier, knight)

(**Pferd-horse, steed)

THE STORM

He left the building just as the storm was reaching its height. It had been hot inside, and sticky. The building was old, it was full of those little reminders of people. Odors, small scuffling noises as they moved about; as if they were afraid to let it be known that they were there. Impressions of their expressions as he had gone past them lingered in his mind. They had looked at him as if he were mad, going out into the rain! He smiled. Obviously these poor excuses for men had never really been out in a spring thunderstorm and felt the world being cleansed about them.

Blocking these thoughts before they actually began, he let his mind, his being, relax and felt the storm begin to work its magic in him. As he came alive to the fury about him he began to notice things, and remember. The wind came in rushing gusts, scattering last year's dirty papers, exercising suppleness back into the trees after the long winter, and pelting his face with rain drops. Rain drops! With a gradual suddenness the realization came, his clothing was soaked. But the moisture wasn't cold, it was as it should have been, merely cool-and pure. Yes pure! How big the drops were, as they struck his face, his bare arms. Not the small, cold, spattery kind, but big soft ones that hit with a gentle touch and flowed away in all directions.

Feeling the moisture reach into his being and cleanse his thoughts, his mind, he looked about him and saw how it was washing the new grass and young leaves to that special spring purity of light moist green to

glisten in the sun in a short while.

He had reached the park now; glancing up he saw the last remnant of wind toss the new-green branches against the grayish clouds. As if they had caused it, there was a flash and even as the thunder announcing the end of the storm sounded, a golden opening with white behind it appeared in the blueing clouds and the sunlight streamed through.

Feeling the last raindrops hit his face as he gazed upward, he sighed. As always, he was sad to see it end, yet he knew it must, for only at the end was the world reborn in such glory, and he with it.

There would be another, there always would. It was part of the promise that came with the new life.

As the storm moved on he looked at the wonder around him, and grew sad. It was over, now the people would come back. They would hurry through the park without seeing what had just been done for them. Yes, there they were, afraid the storm had made them miss their bus.

Two young girls went by, several old men followed, all looked at him suspiciously, wondering why anyone should have been out in a thunderstorm. He smiled to himself as he walked away.

ROYER

FUTILE

If, like an eagle, I could wander free,
 Consorting with the creatures of the sky,
 I'd make escape from mankind's mimicry,
 And with the wind and playful clouds I'd
 For who, upon a canvas stiff and tight,^{fly.}
 With paints that dry and harden in their
 Could frame the restless, shifting winds^{place,}
 Or catch the breezes in their gentle chase?^{of night,}
 Or who, from out of granite's solid mass,
 With mallet blunt and chisel hard and cold,
 Could imitate the fleecy clouds that pass,
 Or fashion misty vapors from a mold?

Man's search for art is naught but
 For Nature's art is freedom, joy, and^{hopeless strife,}
 life.



COX

What is the object of poetry?
you tell me

I don't know.

then why write?

To find out. One can have endless infinities crushing you in the poems; one can have all sorts of moons and loves and trees and scenes and purlieus but they don't say much. At the right time poetry can mean so much, can lift and satisfy and relate but at other times it means nothing. When you sit on a mountaintop with your girl, when you quaff a beer and see the sky ablaze in the west with torn clouds stretching eastward, when this situation occurs, and you read a meaningful poem, or hear a moving piece of music, then it means almost everything. Now if in one's poetry one could make the mind's sky ablaze, could sit the psyche on a mountaintop, could pipe a Bach toccata through the mind; if this could be accomplished in words, and then the message of worth rammed home with a verbal bat, then you have accomplished the real purpose of poetry.

Near the Library

We are in patterns of motion,
moving slowly across the lawns, and
down narrow paths in the grey morning.
Reds and browns and forthright emblems;
boys' voices, laughing yet knowing,
challenge the pealing bells shimmering
down the newly muted branches;
and dogs, tan and black, chase
across the leaf-carpeted greens.

Is this not hosanna, not alleluia,
to the giver of boys, the maker of dogs?

Or perhaps, it is simply reds and greens
preserved in intimacy by morning's
grey melancholy, consecrated by our
voices: boys, dogs, and bells.

We are the patterns of beauty, watched
jealously by silent gods.

Such Things

A passing thought; a candle bright and cold,
For here alone is one in youthful waste,
Yet no one knows how fearlessly and bold
I sail the tempting sea and then with haste,
Press onward, upward in some futile way,
Surmounting all those inward, phantom lies;
The uselessness of all such endless days,
In thoughts to some seem but eternal cries,
For lethargy and torpor, all in one:
But should all men seek distant, final, goals,
And not such things translucent in a sun,
All golden bright and yet not holy whole;
The answer hides within the souls of all,
So seek and find your place at winter's fall.

A CHINAMAN IN CANADA

Go to Hawai, American girl.
Marry an Hawaiian,
Who cares...them.
They make the rules:
Chinamen belong in China,
Not Canada.
American girl, subway girl,
Pusher of turnstiles -- and
What cigarette do you smoke?

What will he say, what will
They say, and your aunt on
Your father's side, what will she say?
You better run if you're going to
Catch that bus -- you'll miss the
Movie.

They don't say "why".
Wearing gray this year,
They wore blue last year.
Tell them the color of the world, girl.
Tell them about that pickpocket,
And that guy who beat the women to
The seat on the Seventh Ave. the
Other night.

Don't forget those two women,
Their martini sours
Leaving water rings on their state
Unemployment cards.
Tell them about the world, girl,
Tell them to show you the difference;
And ask them why she has to lose
Ten pounds.

Jehovah.

"...vengeance is mine..."

What mortal power can duplicate
The flaming, incandescent hate,
That made man's days so brief;

Yet gave---unkindest cut of all---
The mind to know itself so small,
Its span such meager sheaf.

YUSZCZUK

Embroidered forests on a plate of glass,
laughing like a keyboard on a string,
life-less as the pot about the fern---
like a braided spotlight searching
for the moon,
green,
moving,
taciturn.

LENHART

phys. ed. 4

run
sweat
one, two
three, infinity
wash the poison
from
your
system
there are no
girls at Lehigh
it has
no
soul

them

every time
i see a beautiful woman
i think of Homer
and get
a pleasant ache
in
my
heel

LENHART

U. F. Y.

Universal testing machine
stand beneath it
young man
with five million
pounds force
it will press you
into
a
brown-jacketed
alpha

ONCE

Once,

We did not question.

Before was nourished with

Greed and force, growing not

In ordered fields, but in the

Shade of insect-hollowed trees.

Once when man was tall,

Now he is not.

Now he dances round the tree

Touching toes with moss and brush,

Holding hands for fear

Singing so he cannot hear,

When he falls, he'll whisper--"once".

DOODLES

